Vol. IV. Numb. 29.

THE OBSERVATOR.

More Remarks on the Libel call'd the Rehearſal. *A Story of five* Tacking Prieſts *from* Wiltſhire. *A Letter ſent from* Weſtminſter *to* Risborow *in* Buckinghamſhire.

From **Saturday** July the 7th, to **Wednesday** July the 11th, 1705.

Country-m. MAſter, what de'ye think the *Jacobites* and *Papiſts* ſay in Defence of their Friend *Leſley*?

Obſ. Prithee how can I tell? They'll Swear for him, they'll Lye for him, they'll do any thing for him, as he does for them.

Country-m. They ſay 'twas a miſtake in Relation to the Flag hung up at *Sandwich*, 'twas only an Error of the Sight, and not of the Judgment. For be it known unto you the Reverend *Nonjuring Bogtrotter* is Purblind, he has drunk ſo much *Nottingham-Ale* that he can't diſcern white from black, how then could he know the difference betwixt a pair of *Breeches* and a *Globe* or *Crown* Decypher'd on a Flag? Tho' they ſay he can diſtinguiſh the Petticoats either by *Seeing* or *Feeling* as well as any Man in *England*, and therefore he hopes, ſince the Oaths are ſometimes diſpens'd with, that he may ſtand next Oars for the Rectory of *Minns*, after the Death of the preſent Incumbent.

But, Maſter, the *London* Folk tell me, That he is ſo angry with the *Breeches* becauſe they were worn in *Olivers* Days.

Obſ. Worn in *Olivers* Days! Why, Man, didſt ever hear of a time when Men went with their Butends bare, and ſhow'd the Nakedneſs of their Poſteriours, as *Leſley* does that of his *Truth & Honeſty*?

Country-m. Here *Joan* bring a Pot of *October* to put Maſter *Obſervator* in a good Humour, he begins to be Fractious. Why, Maſter, we are not at *Croſs Purpoſes*. I want to be inform'd of the Breeches, the Money and the Breeches do well together, tho' of the two I had rather have a great deal of Money and no Breeches, than a ſwinging pair of Trouſers with a Codpiece as big as Old *Harry*'s without a Penny of Money in 'em.

Obſ. Thou art certainly Mad, thou haſt ſpoken Treaſon againſt King *Harry*'s Codpiece, *Leſley* will ſay thou haſt done an Injury to the Memory of the Lords Anointed.

Country-m. I don't care what all the Liars in *England* can, or ſhall ſay of me. But, pray Maſter, don't be angry, tell me the meaning of the Breeches; did *Oliver Cromwell* and his Party put the Breeches in their Colours?

Obſ. I don't remember that ever I read or heard ſo; but I have ſeen the Breeches ſtamp'd on the Coin of that Day.

Country-m. And ſo in a *Jacobite* Senſe the Breeches are the Enſigns of *Rebellion*. I wonder they'll wear that Rebellious Covering; and yet in railing at the Rate *Leſley* does, he ſhows the Nudity of their Cauſe. I proteſt I thought the Man had been Mad when I read the *Sandwich* Paragraph, how he had dreſs'd the Breeches up in his Fooliſh Capitals; thinks I, I wiſh all be well in that poor Wretches Breeches, I'll lay a Pot of *Lenetive Electuary* to a Dram of *Extractum Rudij*, that he has received an Inveterate wound in the Garden of *Venus*, and now rails at the Colours he pretends had been uſed in the Field of *Mars*. I proteſt, Maſter, he does ſo foam at the Mouth, and ſpit Lies and Nonſenſe throughout his whole Paper, that he ſeems to me to be under a Saliva-tion already, and by the Stench of his Ordure I believe he has cak'd his Breeches, to keep ſome part of his Earthly Tabernacle moiſt that it may'nt be burn't down at once.

Obſ. You'll carry the Point too far. Now they'll ſay you uſe Beaſtly Language. Have a care the Beau Writers don't take you to Talk again.

Country-m. When one ſpeaks of Beaſts one muſt uſe Beaſtly Language, the Diſcourſe muſt be Natural to the Subject. But, Maſter, if the good People of *Sandwich* and their worthy Repreſentatives muſt be abuſed as *Commonwealths-Men*, becauſe a Flag with Breeches on it was hung out over the Town Hall, ſuppoſing *Leſley*'s Confounded Lye to be Truth, de'ye mark me, Maſter, Then at that rate, if *Robin Hog* ſhould come to my Houſe and find a Breeches Shilling in it, muſt Honeſt *Roger*, your *Country-man*, be call'd a *Rogue*, a *Commonwealths-Man*, and an Enemy to the *Church* and *Monarchy*, as this Impudent Prieſt in his Libel terms the good People of *Sandwich*.

Obſ. Will't never ha' done with the Poor wretch? Certainly thou art deſcended from the Family of the *Bang-Prieſts*.

Country-m. He a Prieſt, he a Hangman, I'll cut a better Prieſt than he out of a *Sandwich Carrot*. He muſt go to School again and be whip'd for Lying, if we expect any good from him. And then, Maſter, now ſeriouſly, between you and I, is it not a ſad thing for him to abuſe the Dead, Old Colonel *Hewſon*? Maſter I'll tell you what, I'll warrant it this very Prieſt *Leſley* has an hundred thouſand times deſired to ſhake hands with this Colonel when he has been at Play at *Loo* or *All-Fours*, and when he has found him in his hand, how has he cock'd up his *Chin* and ſnuff'd up his *Eccleſiaſtical Snout*; *My dear Hewſon, my dear Pam!* When by the help of his Halbert he could ſweep the Stakes into the Sleeve of his Gown.

But now the Black Ingrate in his Libel can call him Blind *Hewſon*; who, as he is now on the Pack of Cards is of far more Repute than a whole Pack of *Nonjuring Prieſts*. Now I think on't too, he was talking about the Deſigns againſt *Monarchy*, to Reflect upon Colonel *Hewſon*, is it not a Reflection on the Kings and Queens of this Realm that have uſed to divert themſelves with Playing at Cards? *Hewſon*, Maſter, is the fourth Honour, and ſo dear is he to Lords and Ladies, that he is Pam'd every Day in the Year by the greateſt Beauties of Quality, who would ſcorn to touch ſuch a Dirty Prieſt as *Leſley* with the ends of their Fans.

Obſ.

Obſ. Country-man, thou haſt brought a Thought into my Head. Cards you know is a *High-Church* Game and Invention; but ſhould the *Whiggs*, or *Diſſenters* have Invented ſuch a Game, what wou'd the *High-Flyers* ha' ſaid? *Treaſon my Beloved! Treaſon in Play, a Deſign againſt Monarchy and the Church.* To have the *Knave of Clubs*, this Colonel *Hewſon*, plac'd next the Queen in the Pack, and to command both King and Queen, at *All-Fours* or *Loo*. Down one flings the King, another throws down the Knave, ſays he, *I have hang'd your King.* Fine Loyal Expreſſions Mr. *High-Church Leſley*, ſomething more Beaſtly than *Decollation!* Now, I ſay, were this a *Whigg Game*, there might be Proſecutions upon it. But 'tis their own Loyal Game at all times and ſeaſons, eſpecially on the Holy Tide of *Chriſtmas*, when you have a thouſand Games at Cards play'd by the *Tacking Prieſts* for one Sermon they Preach to the People. But enough of this Prieſt for this time. —— Prithee a little of the *Tackers*.

Country-m. Maſter *Obſervator*, I will give a Caſt of *Tacking Prieſts*, a Caſt of my Office, that is, I will tell the World their Vertues, that they may the better know how to avoid them.

One Mr. *Waſtfeild*, Steward of the Lands belonging to the Biſhop of *Sarum*, being appointed to take the Poll at *Wilton* in *Wilts*, and after he had been at the Town-Hall to have the Books caſt up, which being done, he mounted his Horſe, and was preſently aſſaulted by five *High-Flying* Prieſts, who punch'd him in the Face with their *Whips*, and beat his Horſe ſo much, that the Beaſt running from greater Brutes than himſelf, beat down part of a Poor Mans Houſe, the Prieſts crying out, *Down with him! Tread out his Guts*, &c. and he had certainly been killed by them, had not his Horſe been very good and ſtrong to carry him off: So, for his Eſcape, God-a-Mercy Horſe.

Mr. *Waſtfeild* ſaid, during the Aſſault, a Proverb uſed in *Cornwall*, which a Gentleman told him of 20 Years before, came into his Mind. *viz. That Ingratitude is Letten for a Price*, for this Gentleman had lent one of theſe Clergymen 10, 20, 30, 40 *l.* for a great time without any Intereſt.

The ſame Letters ſay, that after the Election a Flag of Defiance (it does not ſay with *Leſley*'s Breeches in't) was hung out at St. *Thomas*'s Church at *Sarum* by the *Tacking Party*, a thing never before known.

Obſ. Did not *Sacheverel* at *Oxford* immediately upon the Queens Acceſſion to the Throne hang out his Bloody Flag in a Sermon? And did not the Vice-Chancellor of that Nurſery of Prieſts hold the Halyards in his Hand, and tell the world that he approv'd of thoſe Doctrines? Ever ſince Her Majeſty, in Her Pious Zeal for the good of the Church and Realm, has adviſ'd and conjur'd Her People to *Peace*, *Union*, and *Moderation*, as the only means to our Happineſs, has not *Leſley*, and all the *Tacking High-Flying Prieſthood* affronted Her Majeſty both in Practice and Print, by Ridiculing *Peace* and *Union*, and oppoſing Gentlemen of Moderate Principles, and ſuch as are in the Queens Intereſt at their Elections?

Country-m. Yes, Sir, and the ſame Letter adds, that His Grace the D. *S*——, the D. of *B*——*n*, Mr. *S*—— of *Tidworth*, and ſeveral of Her Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Council were moſt Barbarouſly Treated and Abuſed by the *Tacking Mob*.

Obſ. I am glad to ſee ſo good a Temper in Her Majeſties Friends as to bear ſuch Abuſes without violent Reſentments. Let *High-Church* boaſt that they have broke the Peace of our Elections, and that their Prieſts have ſtruck the firſt Blow. We reſt our ſelves contented, that we are able and willing to defend our Queen, Her Royal Prerogative, and our own Juſt Rights againſt Home and Foreign Invaders, and can let them know, that ſo Brave a Nation as that of *England* will never be Prieſt-Rid.

I ſhall keep you no longer then juſt to read you part of a Letter ſent from *Weſtminſter* to *Risborow* in *Buckinghamſhire*, which will fully convince Mankind of the Temper of the *Tacking High-Church Party.*

I underſtand that your Election is on Wedneſday *next, and I wiſh my L—d—— may have it, but I am afraid you will do as we have done, ſend two Untrigteous Rogues to Parliament, but we loſt it by a parcel of* Fanatick *Dogs. I am now a drinking my L—ds Health in a Bumper, wiſhing him good Succeſs, and Proſperity to his Friends, and Confuſion to his Foes, and Eternally to lye in the Red-Sea.*

Juſt Publiſh'd

A True Liſt of the Royal Navy of England in the Year 1705. With the particular Dimenſions of every Ship, as where Built, by whom, Year when, length of the Gun-Deck, Breadth, Tuns, Number of Men and Guns; the Queens Picture, and His Royal Highneſs's Prince George, Lord High Admiral of England. Curiouſly Engraven on a Copper Plate. *Price 6 d.* Sold by B. Bragg, in Avemary-Lane.

* *Advertiſements.*

WHereas *Lucatullu's Balſam* hath been eſteemed an extraordinary Family Medicine, and a Soveraign thing in all Inward Strains, Bruiſes, *&c.* But it being in the Shops ſo ſadly made, hath rendered it very unpleaſant, and the leſs in uſe; this is, therefore, to give Notice, that there is now prepared and left to be Sold at Mr. *Hows*, in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church-ſtreet*, *London*, Twelve-penny Pots of it, the fineſt that ever was made in *England*, there being now added thereto, the true Balm of *Gilead*, and three or four other Rich Balſamick Ingredients, which makes it a Noble thing, and of a delicate fragrant Scent and Taſte: Rub a little on your hand to ſmell too, you'll ſoon perceive the difference from all others. 'Tis a moſt Efficacious Medicine (as now prepar'd) in all Inward Strains, Bruiſes, Pluritick pains, Ulcers of the Lungs, or any Inward part; Coughs, ſhortneſs of Breath, ſpitting of Blood, or any other Evacuation of Blood in Men or Women; it Relieves the Pains in the Kidneys and Bladder, thro' Stone, Gravel, or ſharpneſs of Urine, cauſing the Water to ſlide away eaſily; 'tis to be taken twice or thrice a-day, the quantity of a Nutmeg roll'd up in Sugar, eſpecially at Night going to Bed, it eaſing Coughs wonderfully, and gives reſt —— 'Tis of ſuch general uſe, that no Family ought to be without it, for Cuts and Green Wounds it helps in 48 Hours, takes away Pains and Aches by Anointing with it hot, and ſometimes eaſes the Gout immediately. It certainly Cures chapt Nipples, Lips, and Hands, making them ſmooth and ſoft.

☞ At the ſame place is Sold the common ſort of *Lucatullu's Balſam*, only finely made and better than Ordinary (but without theſe Additions) at *6 d.* a Pot. Of a finer Colour than the beſt, becauſe the added Ingredients to the other alters its Colour.

AT the upper end of Brick-Lane, near Shore-Ditch-Church, over-againſt Satchwells-Rents, is a Collection of fine Flowers to be Sold, where Gentlemen and others may be furniſhed at Reaſonable Rates.

THE Travels of an *Engliſh* Gentleman from *London* to *Rome* on Foot, Containing a Comical Deſcription of what he met with Remarkable in every City, Town, and Religious Houſe in the whole Journey. Alſo an Account of their Ridiculous Religion, Proceſſions and Ceremonies in their Churches, thro' their Streets and in their Woods. Likewiſe, The Debauch'd Lives, and Amorous Intrigues of the Luſtful Prieſts and Leacherous Nuns. With an Account of the Opening the Holy Gate of St. *Peter's* Church. Alſo Reflections upon the Superſtitions and Foppiſh Pageantry of the laſt Grand Jubilee at *ROME. Now Publiſhed for the Diverſion and Information of the* Proteſtants *of* England. Price bound One Shilling. Sold by J. How, at the Seven-Stars, in Talbot-Court, in Grace-Church-Street.

THeſe are to give Notice, That Mary Kirleus, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Phyſician of *London*, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Perſon that Sells (exactly prepared) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is Eminently Experienced to Cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs. Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Venereal and *French* Diſeaſe, Running of the Reins, and all ſuch Malignities, tho' never ſo Inveterate, in all Conſtitutions at all Seaſons of the Year, hindring no Buſineſs, without Fluxing, or the uſe of *Mercury*, which is generally Deſtructive. Theſe Medicines are Truly and Faithfully prepared, as directed by her Husband, and as made and delivered to his Patients by her in his Life time (they being the only Perſons then that Sold it, and to whom the Secret was ever imparted. Therefore beware of ſeveral late falſe pretenders, for the daily certain and ſpeedy Cures ſhe performs will ſufficiently recommend her Excellent Medicines, ſhe Cures many after Fluxing, and in Compaſſion to the Diſtreſſed will deal with all perſons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pill 1 *s.* the Box, with Directions. She gives her Opinion for nothing to all that write or come to her, to thoſe afar off as if they were preſent.

* She is Removed from the *Glaſs-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-againſt Great Turn Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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